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Syrian Shepherd's
Psalm

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THE SYRIAN SHEPHERD'S
PSALM

The Syrian Shepherd's Psalm

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOR
AND AN INTRODUCTION

BY
JULES GUÉRIN

WITH APPRECIATIONS BY C. H. SPURGEON, HENRY
WARD BEECHER, W. M. THOMSON; AND METRICAL
VERSIONS OF THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM
WITH MUSIC

NEW YORK
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY
1911

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¶ The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

¶ He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

¶ He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

¶ Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

¶ Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

¶ Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

INTRODUCTION

JULES GUÉRIN

The Syrian Shepherd's Psalm

THIS book is the result of a camping trip of several weeks through Palestine in the spring of 1909. Starting from Damascus, and traveling slowly, we crossed the cold summits of Hermon and descended to Caesarea Philippi, the little town that lies in the valley between Hermon and Lebanon. We traveled south past Merom, where Joshua struck the final blow to Jabin and his allies; around the quiet sea of Galilee, through glorious forests of oleanders, to Tiberius, the Roman city. Then, after a visit to Nazareth, we turned south and reached Jerusalem by way of Samaria.

In all this trip two things were constantly before my mind: there was the strange beauty of the Holy Land, its

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vivid colors and gorgeous contrasts; and then, again, there was the feeling that it had never changed from the beginning of things; that country and people had been the same since the days of Abraham — shepherds then, shepherds now.

Though the kings of Samaria and Jerusalem are dust, and the palaces, and temples of the Roman conquerors crumbled and decayed, the Land of Promise is the same good land as in the day when Joshua portioned it out as an inheritance among the twelve tribes. There is no more glorious country in the spring of the year than Canaan, watered by the Jordan that stretches north and south like a great, life-giving artery. The fields are red with the rose of Sharon; the blossoming oleanders are like giant pink azaleas, while groves of olives stand thick and strong. Where the country is not a mass of flowers, the green of the fields and the darker foliage of the trees give the effect of an English landscape, but clearer and

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richer. The days are balmy and the breezes spice-laden, but at night there is a cool briskness, and the great stars hang like oranges in the sapphire sky.

Canaan has always been a country of shepherds — Abel was a shepherd; David was a shepherd, and he watched his father's flocks in the same fields from which a later generation of shepherds saw the star of the Messiah burning.

Last year, as our little caravan lingered along the valley of the Jordan, we saw the white flocks, drinking at shallow brooks or clustered in the shade, just as in the days of patriarch and king. At their head stood the same solitary figure, staff in hand, clad in the long *abayeh*, and with the ample snowy head-shawl about the face.

It is because this is a country of shepherds that shepherd imagery appears so constantly in its history and literature. Christ chose the figure of the shepherd to represent his attitude

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of love and tender care towards his disciples: "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." The king who ruled the land of Israel during her greatest prosperity began life as a shepherd, while at her darkest hour Jeremiah prophesied of the new Jerusalem: "And I will set up shepherds over them; and they shall fear no more, nor be dismayed, neither shall they be lacking, saith the Lord." Isaiah saw the coming Messiah in the same guise. "He shall feed his flocks like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."

Again, in the Hebrew poetry, one finds that the most beautiful lyric of the whole collection, the Twenty-third Psalm, is a song of praise in which David pours out his adoration for the Almighty as from one of the flock to his shepherd. One can imagine no better figure to

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typify the attitude of man toward God — one of thankfulness for life and all its blessings, of perfect trust and unquestioning obedience. It is at once a summary of the ideal of religion and a key to the race whose sweetest singer produced it. And so, for one who would really know Canaan, let him study this psalm, while for one who would picture the home-land of our faith as it was in the time of David, and as it is still to-day, there can be no better medium than its interpretation.

The purpose of this short introduction has been to bring the shepherd psalm nearer home to those who read it to-day, by emphasizing how lightly time has touched its setting during three thousand years. There follow some eloquent discussions and appreciations of the psalm itself.

DAVID'S HEAVENLY
PASTORAL

C. H. SPURGEON

David's Heavenly Pastoral

THERE is no inspired title to this psalm and none is needed, for it records no special event, and needs no other key than that which every Christian may find in his own bosom. It is David's *Heavenly Pastoral*; a surpassing ode, which none of the daughters of music can excel. The clarion of war here gives place to the pipe of peace, and he who bewailed the woes of the shepherd tunefully rehearses the joys of the flock. Sitting under a spreading tree, with his flock around him, like Bunyan's shepherd-boy in the Valley of Humiliation, we picture David singing this unrivaled pastoral with a heart as full of gladness as it could hold; or, if the psalm be the product of his

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after years, we are sure that his soul returned in contemplation to the lonely water-brooks which rippled among the pastures of the wilderness, where in early days he had been wont to dwell. This is the pearl of psalms, whose soft and pure radiance delights every eye; a pearl of which Helicon need not be ashamed, though Jordan claims it. Of this delightful song it may be affirmed that its piety and its poetry are equal, its sweetness and its spirituality are unsurpassed.

It has been said that what the nightingale is among birds, that is this divine ode among psalms, for it has sung sweetly in the ear of many a mourner in his night of weeping, and has bidden him hope for a morning of joy. I will venture also to compare it to the lark, which sings as it mounts, and mounts as it sings, until it is out of sight, and even then is not out of hearing. Note the last words of the psalm — “I will

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dwell in the house of the Lord forever"; these are celestial notes, more fitted for the eternal mansions than for these dwelling-places below the clouds. Oh, that we may enter into the spirit of the psalm as we read it, and then we shall experience the days of heaven upon earth!

From "The Treasury of David"
(Funk & Wagnalls Co.)

THE
INTIMATE PSALM

HENRY WARD BEECHER

The Intimate Psalm

DAVID has left no sweeter psalm than the short twenty-third. It is but a moment's opening of the soul; but as when one, walking the winter street, sees the door opened for some one to enter, and the red light streams a moment forth, and the forms of gay children are running to greet the comer, and genial music sounds, though the door shuts and leaves the night black, yet it cannot shut back again all that the eyes, the ear, the heart, and the imagination have seen — so in this psalm, though it is but a moment's opening of the soul, are emitted truths of peace and consolation that will never be absent from the world. The Twenty-third Psalm is the nightingale of the

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psalms. It is small, of a homely feather, singing shyly out of obscurity; but oh! it has filled the air of the whole world with melodious joy, greater than the heart can conceive. Blessed be the day on which that psalm was born!

What would you say of a pilgrim commissioned of God to travel up and down the earth singing a strange melody, which, when one heard, caused him to forget whatever sorrows he had? And so the singing angel goes on his way through all lands, singing in the language of every nation, driving away trouble by the pulses of the air which his tongue moves with divine power. Behold just such an one! This pilgrim God has sent to speak in every language on the globe.

It has charmed more griefs to rest than all the philosophy of the world. It has remanded to their dungeon more felon thoughts, more black doubts, more thieving sorrows, than there are sands on the sea-shore. It has comforted the

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noble host of the poor. It has sung courage to the army of the disappointed. It has poured balm and consolation into the heart of the sick, of captives in dungeons, of widows in their pinching griefs, of orphans in their loneliness. Dying soldiers have died easier as it was read to them; ghastly hospitals have been illuminated; it has visited the prisoner, and broken his chains, and, like Peter's angel, led him forth in imagination, and sung him back to his home again. It has made the dying Christian slave freer than his master, and consoled those whom, dying, he left behind mourning, not so much that he was gone, as because they were left behind, and could not go too.

Nor is its work done. It will go singing to your children and my children, and to their children, through all generations of time; nor will it fold its wings till the last pilgrim is safe, and time ended; and then it will fly back to

SYRIAN SHEPHERD'S PSALM

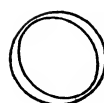
the bosom of God, whence it issued, and sound on, mingled with all those sounds of celestial joy which make heaven musical forever.

From "Life Thoughts from Henry Ward Beecher," compiled by Edna Dean Proctor (Phillips, Sampson & Co.)

THE
FAITHFUL SHEPHERD

W. M. THOMSON

The Faithful Shepherd

 OUR Saviour says that the good shepherd, when he putteth forth his own sheep, goeth before them, and they follow (John x. 4). This is true to the letter. They are so tame and so trained that they follow their keeper with the utmost docility. He leads them forth from the fold or from their houses in the villages, just where he pleases. As there are many flocks in such a place as this, each one takes a different path, and it is his business to find pasture for them. It is necessary, therefore, that they should be taught to follow, and not to stray away into the unfenced fields of corn which lie so temptingly on either side. Any one that thus wanders is sure to get into

SYRIAN SHEPHERD'S PSALM

trouble. The shepherd calls sharply from time to time to remind them of his presence. They know his voice, and follow on; but, if a stranger call, they stop short, lift up their heads in alarm, and, if it is repeated, they turn and flee, because they know not the voice of a stranger. This is not the fanciful costume of a parable, it is simple fact. I have made the experiment repeatedly. The shepherd goes before, not merely to point out the way, but to see that it is practicable and safe. He is armed in order to defend his charge, and in this he is very courageous. Many adventures with wild beasts occur, not unlike that recounted by David (I Sam. xvii. 34-36), and in these very mountains; for though there are now no lions here, there are wolves in abundance; and leopards and panthers, exceeding fierce, prowl about the wild wadies. They not frequently attack the flock in the very presence of the shepherd, and he must be ready to

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do battle at a moment's warning. I have listened with intense interest to their graphic descriptions of downright and desperate fights with these savage beasts. And when the thief and the robber come (and come they do), the faithful shepherd has often to put his life in his hand to defend his flock. I have known more than one case in which he had literally to lay it down in the contest. A poor faithful fellow last spring, between Tiberius and Tabor, instead of fleeing, actually fought three Bedawin robbers until he was hacked to pieces with their *khanjars*, and died among the sheep he was defending. Some sheep always keep near the shepherd, and are his special favorites. Each of them has a name, to which it answers joyfully, and the kind shepherd is ever distributing to such, choice portions which he gathers for that purpose. These are the contented and happy ones.

They are in no danger of getting lost

SYRIAN SHEPHERD'S PSALM

or into mischief, nor do wild beasts or thieves come near them. The great body, however, are mere worldlings, intent upon their mere pleasure or selfish interests. They run from bush to bush, searching for variety or delicacies, and only now and then lift their heads to see where the shepherd is, or rather, where the general flock is, lest they get so far away as to occasion a remark in their little community, or rebuke from their keeper. Others, again, are restless and discontented, jumping into everybody's field, climbing into bushes, and even into leaning trees, when they often fall and break their limbs. These cost the good shepherd incessant trouble.

Come down to the river; there is something going forward worth seeing. Yon shepherd is about to lead his flock across; and as our Lord says of the good shepherd — you observe that he goes before, and the sheep follow. Not all in

SYRIAN SHEPHERD'S PSALM

the same manner, however. Some enter boldly, and come straight across. These are the loved ones of the flock, who keep hard by the footsteps of the shepherd, whether sauntering through green meadows by the still water, feeding upon the mountains, or resting at noon beneath the shadow of great rocks. And now others enter, but in doubt and alarm. Far from their guide they miss the ford, and are carried down the river, some more, some less; and yet, one by one, they all struggle over and make good their landing. Notice those little lambs. They refuse to enter, and must be driven into the stream by the shepherd's dog, mentioned by Job in his parable. Poor things! how they leap and plunge, and bleat in terror! That weak one yonder will be swept quite away, and perish in the sea. But, no; the shepherd himself leaps into the stream, lifts it into his bosom, and bears it trembling to the shore. All safely

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over, how happy they appear! The lambs frisk and gambol about in high spirits, while the older ones gather round their faithful guide, and look up to him in subdued but expressive thankfulness. Now, can you watch such a scene, and not think of that Shepherd who leadeth Joseph like a flock; and of another river, which all His sheep must cross? He, too, goes before, and, as in the case of this flock, they who keep near Him "fear no evil." They hear His sweet voice saying, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee" (Isaiah xliii. 2). With eye fastened on Him, they scarcely see the stream, or feel its cold and threatening waves.

In ordinary circumstances the shepherd does not feed his flock, except by leading and guiding them where they may gather for themselves; but there are

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times when it is otherwise. Late in autumn, when the pastures are dried up, and in winter, in places covered with snow, he must furnish them food or they die. In the vast oak woods along the eastern sides of Lebanon, between Baalbek and the cedars, there are there gathered innumerable flocks, and the shepherds are all day long in the bushy trees, cutting down the branches, upon whose green leaves and tender twigs the sheep and goats are entirely supported. The same is true in all mountain districts, and large forests are preserved on purpose.

The shepherd invariably carries a staff or rod with him when he goes forth to feed his flock. It is often bent or hooked at one end, which gave rise to the shepherd's crook in the hand of the Christian bishop. With this staff he rules and guides the flock to their green pastures, and defends them from their enemies.

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With it also he corrects them when disobedient, and brings them back when wandering. This staff is associated as inseparably with the shepherd as the goad is with the ploughman.

*From "The Land and the Book"
(Harper & Brothers)*

**Metrical Versions with
Music**

Note on the Metrical Versions

ALL through the Christian era, poets and versifiers have aspired to amplify or paraphrase great and striking scriptural passages. Milton, Addison, Pope, Byron, and a host of others have tried their hand. Sometimes, the inspiration of the lofty theme has lifted the poet above himself. More often, however, their verses show cheap and tawdry against the background of the Bible's perfect prose.

The following hymns are the finest and most widely known of the hymns founded on the Twenty-third Psalm. With them are printed the familiar tunes to which they are most often sung. In spite of the identity of their subject, they have a wide variety of form, and are peculiarly interesting in the way that each reflects the spirit of its author and his epoch.

First comes the old Scotch version, by Francis Rous. Both this and the verses taken from the old Bay Psalm Book of New England are crude from a literary point of view, but there is a religious fervor and an unshaken confidence in the Almighty that

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thrill through every line. In spite of shortcomings, they more nearly approach the spirit of the Psalmist than the hymn that follows. This is by Joseph Addison, exquisite litterateur and essayist. Here is English whose purity, restraint, and refinement show the best of the classical school. The lofty, placid spirit, however, is very different from the zeal of the first two hymns. The Spectator was far removed from the Zealot.

Next is the version of James Montgomery. He, too, is an artist, but writes in still another key. Montgomery was a true poet, and in his lines there is a swing and singing quality that contrast vividly with the faultless precision of Addison.

Then comes Isaac Watts. In spirit his work reminds one again of the spirit of the Scotch and New England versions. The form of his verses is unadorned simplicity: the substance — devout, unswerving sincerity.

Last in the collection is the noble hymn by Sir W. H. Baker. Here is a most impressive conception — the conception of a church firmly seated, long established. Wedded to Dykes's beautiful tune, it sustains the majestic note sounded in its first line, that is strikingly characteristic of the whole hymn.

*"The King of Love my Shepherd is,
whose goodness faileth never."*

THE OLD SCOTCH
VERSION

FRANCIS ROUS (1650)

The Old Scotch Version

*From the "Scotch Psalter," "allowed by
the authority of the General Assem-
bly of the Kirk of Scotland." Edin-
burgh, 1711.*

THE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not
want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green: He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness
Ev'n for His own name's sake.

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still!

SYRIAN SHEPHERD'S PSALM

My table Thou hast furnished,

In presence of my foes.

My head Thou dost with oil anoint,

And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life

Shall surely follow me.

And in God's house for evermore

My dwelling-place shall be.

SYRIAN SHEPHERD'S PSALM

EVAN

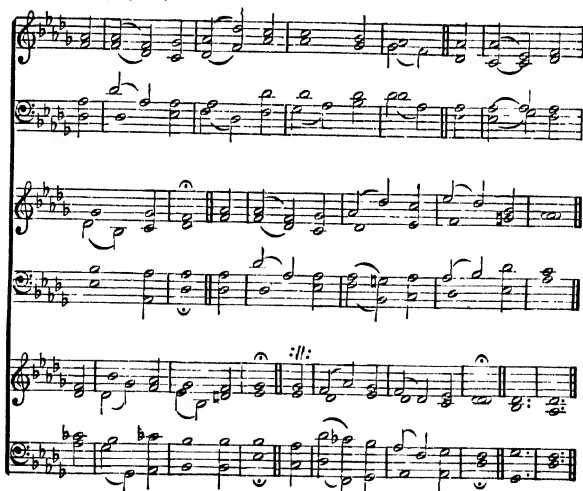
C. M.



REV. W. H. HAVERGAL (1793-1870)

WALDEN

C. M. — *Key of D flat*



JAMES EDMUND JONES (1866-)

SYRIAN SHEPHERD'S PSALM

BALERMA

C. M.



R. SIMPSON

THE
PURITAN VERSION

The Puritan Version

FROM "THE BAY PSALM BOOK"

*The New England collection of metrical
versions of the Psalter. Edition of
1726.*

THE Lord to me a shepherd is,
Want therefore shall not I.
He in the folds of tender grass
Doth cause me down to lie.

To waters calme me gently leads,
Restore my soul doth He.
He doth in paths of righteousness
For His name's sake lead me.

Yea though in valley of death's shade
I walk, none ill I'll fear.
Because Thou art with me, Thy rod
And staff my comfort are.

SYRIAN SHEPHERD'S PSALM

For me a table Thou hast spread
In presence of my foes.
Thou dost anoint my head with oil,
My cup it overflows.

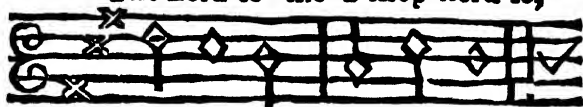
Goodness and mercy surely shall
All my days follow me.
And in the Lord's house I shall dwell
So long as days shall be.

SYRIAN SHEPHERD'S PSALM

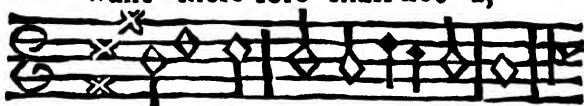
Psal. 23. *Low Dutch Tune.*



The Lord to me a shep-herd is,



want there-fore shall not I,



He in the folds of ten--der grafs



doth make me down to-lie :

Hymn by
JOSEPH ADDISON

Hymn by
Joseph Addison

THE Lord my pasture shall pre-
pare,
And feed me with a shepherd's
care;

His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,

SYRIAN SHEPHERD'S PSALM

For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly rod shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

SYRIAN SHEPHERD'S PSALM

CAREY'S

8. 8. 8. 8. 8. 8.

Handwritten musical score for Carey's Syrian Shepherd's Psalm. The score is written for four staves, two treble and two bass clefs, in 4/4 time. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The first two staves are marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, and rests. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

H. CAREY

YOAKLEY

Handwritten musical score for Yoakley's Syrian Shepherd's Psalm. The score is written for four staves, two treble and two bass clefs, in 4/4 time. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, and rests. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

W. YOAKLEY

Hymn by
ISAAC WATTS

(1674-1748)

Hymn by
Isaac Watts

THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied;
Since He is mine and I am His;
What can I want beside?

He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grow
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim;
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name.

While He affords His aid,
I cannot yield to fear;

SYRIAN SHEPHERD'S PSALM

Though I should walk through death's
dark shade

My shepherd's with me there.

In spite of all my foes,

Thou dost my table spread;

My cup with blessings overflows,

And joy exalts my head.

The bounties of Thy love

Shall crown my following days;

Nor from Thy house will I remove,

Nor cease to speak Thy praise.

SYRIAN SHEPHERD'S PSALM

ST. ANDREW

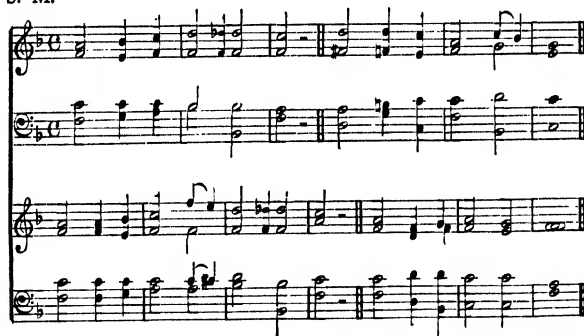
S. M.



JOSEPH BARNBY (1866-)

BRIGHAM

S. M.



S. P. TUCKERMAN (1819-1890)

Hymn by
JAMES MONTGOMERY

(1771-1854)

Hymn by
James Montgomery

THE Lord is my shepherd, no want
shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-
folded I rest;

He leadeth my soul where the still waters
flow,

Restores me when wandering, redeems
when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death
though I stray,

Since Thou art my guardian, no evil I
fear;

Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be
my stay;

No harm can befall, with my Com-
forter near.

SYRIAN SHEPHERD'S PSALM

In the midst of affliction my table is
spread;

With blessings unmeasured my cup
runneth o'er;

With perfume and oil Thou anointest my
head;

Oh, what shall I ask of Thy provi-
dence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful
God,

Still follow my steps till I meet Thee
above;

I seek — by the path which my fore-
fathers trod

Through the land of their sojourn —
Thy kingdom of love.

SYRIAN SHEPHERD'S PSALM

JUDEA

IIS



REV. J. B. DYKES (1823-76)

GOOD SHEPHERD

IIS



JOSEPH BARNBY (1866-)

SYRIAN SHEPHERD'S PSALM

DUREN

113

The musical score is written for a vocal part and piano accompaniment. It is in 2/4 time and the key signature has one flat (B-flat). The score consists of six staves. The first two staves are the vocal line, and the remaining four staves are the piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and bar lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

B. A. CALL

Hymn by
SIR HENRY W. BAKER

(1821-1877)

Hymn by
Sir Henry W. Baker

THE King of love my shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never;
I nothing lack if I am His,
And He is mine for ever.

Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish oft I strayed,
But yet in love He sought me,
And on His shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale, I fear no ill
With Thee, dear Lord, beside me;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy Cross before to guide me.

SYRIAN SHEPHERD'S PSALM

Thou spread'st a table in my sight;

Thy unction grace bestoweth;

And O what transport of delight

From Thy pure chalice floweth!

And so through all the length of days,

Thy goodness faileth never;

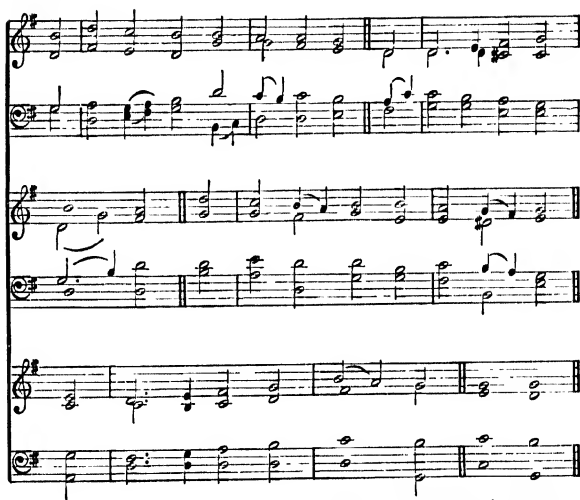
Good Shepherd, may I sing Thy praise,

Within Thy house for ever.

SYRIAN SHEPHERD'S PSALM

DOMINUS REGIT ME

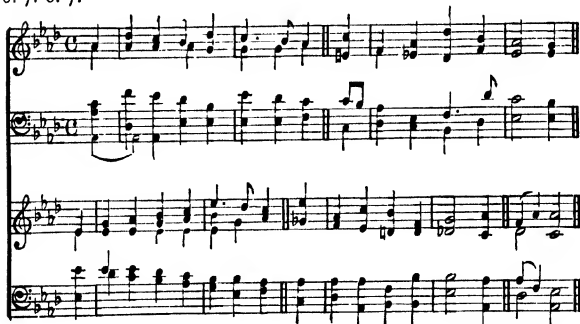
8. 7. 8. 7.



REV. J. B. DYKES (1823-76)

MITTIT (KING OF LOVE)

8. 7. 8. 7.



A. W. MALIM

SYRIAN SHEPHERD'S PSALM

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